THE SUMMER AFTER.

I stood once more on the dear old beach
Where we'd parted the year before,
And sitting there in the self-same spot
I saw my love once more.

The dress she wore was the one I loved,
A simple gown of white.
And I asked myself: "When she put it on,
Did she know I would come to-night?"

The moon shone bright as I closer drew,
And knelt at her feet on the sand,
Where I told her how I had loved her long,
And I ventured to take her hand.

With a silvery laugh she raised her head,
And then, oh, horrible shock!
I saw that 'twas only Rosalie's maid
In Rosalie's last year's frock!

—Cornelia Redmond, in Life.

BIRDS AND NESTS.

Habits of Some of the Feathered Tribes of England.

Bacon, in his essays, has written; "He that builds a fair house upon an ill seat committeth himself to prison." If you are an observer of nature, a hundred little incidents, particularly in relation to bird life, will bring this truthful adage home to your mind; for you can not fail to remember how, in the deep woods, you have found wrecked eggs on the ground. These have fallen from an insecurely built nest.

I have seen nests so tossed by a passing wind, when yet there are no leaves upon the trees, that birds have had to forsake them because, being insecurely fastened, they had yielded, and lay upon their sides. Birds do not understand the art of patching up their nests as human beings do their houses, but begin at once to build a new home the moment the old one gives way.

The pigeon is to the sparrow what the country bumpkin is to the London street Arab. You will rarely find our sparrows making any mistakes about the safety of their nests. They even protect themselves from the cats, whose sure-footedness on the tiles and gutters make them dangerous enemies. Two or three examples of the sparrows' instinct that have come within my knowledge are interesting. Over one of the houses in the Strand, decorating the front, is a plaster mask, the eyes being absent. Waiting for an omnibus a few days since, I noticed a sparrow carrying a very long straw, and, marking its flight I tracked him to the mask. I saw him vanish through the eye-hole and the straw was gradually drawn within. Ho! ho! said I, you are building your nest in that head. And so it was; for, having duly placed his straw, he emerged, and, having had a good self-satisfied look around, he went in search of other materials. In the half-hour I watched him he must have made at least ten expeditions, and the cleverness in carrying materials and afterwards leaving no trace outside the mask was remarkable.

I once found a sparrow in a very peculiar home, in no other place than in the hand of the great equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington that used to be at Hyde Park Corner. When the workmen were taking this statue to pieces, preparatory to its removal to Aldershot, I had an opportunity of going all over it; in fact, I was inside, having found ingress through the collar of the Duke's tunic, his head having been removed. The right hand of the Duke held a Field Marshal's baton; it also held in the palm a sparrow's nest with several eggs in it. Of course the workmen, by their presence and hammering at the metal, kept the father and mother away during the day and so destroyed the chance of the eggs' incubation.

Of all birds the chaffinch probably shows most knowledge of hiding his nest by matching the color of its surroundings. If he selects an old plum tree, he builds his nest with gray lichen to suit the moss on the tree. If in a green wooded rosebush, he will build his nest with fine green moss; in every case he chooses a moss which is nearest in color to that of the bark of the trees he selects to build in. The chaffinch in his wild state is a lonely bird, with his pipe song full of sadness: "Sweet, sweet. Oh, will you not come to me? Sweet, sweet, sweet. I love you."

The hawthorn, or may, when its buds are shooting, is the home of the hedge sparrow, whose tiny eggs of beautiful blue are a miniature of the singing thrush's eggs. It is a mistake to think that this poor innocent bird is the only victim of the cuckoo, who is the herald of spring, even before the lark, upon our southern coasts, for I have found the young cuckoo in the titlark's nest, and once in a gray linnet's nest in a beech hedge. The titlark's nest I found in the long grass at the root of a furze bush, showing that the cuckoo sometimes lays her eggs upon the ground.

In the alder tree we find the goldfinch, with its tiny nest of tree lichen and lined cow hair, which the birds have been seen taking off the backs of cattle. The nest can hardly be distinguished from the gray wrinkled branches of the alder; but the bird itself will be a signal to a sharp eye and ear, for there is hardly its equal in plaintive crying when its nest or offspring are approached.

The yellowhammer loves the brier, where rough hands will be punished by the thorns. Its nests are formed principally of the roots of skutch grass. Alongside of him may be found a hole in the bank, inhabited by Mr. Tomtit, or Mr. Blackcap. Both these birds lay a monstrous number of eggs for their size, and when the young come out they are the most loving parents imaginable, for they are never tired of coming to and fro with food. I have counted as many as fourteen eggs in one tomtit's nest, a nest so small that it vies for minuteness with that of the golden-crested wren, the smallest of our English birds. The latter loves the cedar, the cypress and the pine and their homestead is hard to discover, for it is built of green moss and hangs down underneath the evergreen branches by four strings of the same material, which is woven into the nest, and looks as if one or two sprays of branches had drooped. The eggs are very small, not much larger than an ordinary pea, and I have found nine in one nest; but usually there are not so many.

The robin, our most beloved bird, is one of the first of all birds to set about building and rearing. He is most often to be found in a nest of decayed and skeleton leaves among the roots of a large tree in a ditch. His youngsters are ugly little birds, and do not get the cheery red breasts for several months.

Few need be told that the blackbird should be sought for close to the ground, in laurels, large box, or among the roots of thorn hedges; and his rival in song, the thrush, who has a far prettier egg, builds above him in the hedgerows. The singing thrush makes a perfect nest of dry grass, and plasters inside with droppings from the field, which after a time becomes hard and water-tight; he hatches four or five eggs. The blackbird has seldom more than four.

The missel, or mountain thrush, hatches high in poplar, oak, or ash trees, but has a great preference for beech, especially of the copper order. His nest is easily found, for if you go near where it is he will utter his harsh chatter, and flit and fly about you, and try and draw you on by flying close to you and screaming in an adjacent tree.

The magpie probably causes the greatest commotion when one approaches its nest, built of large brambles, lined with mud, in larch and fir trees. I have often been surrounded by six or seven couples of magpies when climbing to the nest of one, for all the neighboring birds make common cause against the intruder. I once found a magpie's nest impossible to reach, owing to the slenderness of the shank of the tree it was built at the top of, and, as it was necessary, for the sake of the partridges, whose eggs they suck, to destroy the nest, I tried the efficacy of a gun; but so thickly coated was it inside with mud that four shots had no effect, for a week later I heard the young birds calling for food. They had passed through such a hot fire that I allowed them to remain.—*All the Year Round.*

A CRUEL EXPOSURE.

How an Old Farmer Paralyzed the Graduates of a Fashionable Seminary.

"Miss Minnie Bertha Learned, will now give us some very interesting experiments in chemistry, showing the carboniferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a short treatise on astronomy and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances, closing with a brief essay, entitled, 'Philosophy vs. Rationalism.'" Thus spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the class show-day.

A hard-headed, old-fashioned farmer happened to be among the examining board, and he electrified the whole faculty and paralyzed Miss Minnie by asking:

"Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much sixteen and three-fourths pounds of beef would come to at fifteen and a half cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I——," gasped Miss Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is President of the United States?"

"Why—I—I—Mr. Blaine, isn't he? Or is it——"

"Kin you tell me in what State Kalamazoo is, or where the Mississippy river rises and sets?"

"I—I—don't—just—know."

"I reckoned ye didn't. I wonder if yer teachers know. Blamed if I don't doubt it! Gimme the good old days when gals an' boys went to school to larn *sense.*"—*Time.*

—That the average woman hasn't a small foot was distinctly proven by a tour made in the shops by a Southern woman, who wanted to get a No. 1 tennis shoe that was narrow. She was candidly told that she wouldn't find a shoe to fit her in the place; that any thing from fours to sixes were the numbers kept in stock and the woman with a narrow foot and high instep was quite unknown. The Southern girl felt so delighted that, although she had to wear her shabby shoes, she stopped by the wayside and sang "Way Down South in Dixie."—*Seaside Letter.*

—It must be the man with a brick in his hat who is full to the brim.—

SOME CLOVER LORE.

The Charming Fancies that Have Sprung from the Trefoil.

It is generally known that the three-leaved clover is an emblem of the Trinity, the legend being that St. Patrick first used it to illustrate how three separate objects, such as its leaves, could yet form one. But according to S. B. Friedriech, it was a very ancient symbol, expressing religion among the ancient Germans, as setting forth the three grades of Druids, Bards and Neophytes. And as one legend, or myth or superstition begets many, so there grew from this a number; which, however, all refer to the clover with four leaves, the rarity of which gave rise to the belief that it would bring good luck to the one who carried it.

When sitting in the grass we see
A little four-leave clover,
'Tis luck for thee and luck for me,
Or luck for my lover.

It is believed in the Tyrol that if any one has "a turn" for magic he can acquire the art of working wonders easily enough if he only searches for and finds the four-leaved clover on St. John's Eve. In the Passierthal the peasants believe that if a traveler should at this time fall asleep, lying on his back, by a certain brook, there will come flying a white dove bearing a four-leaved clover, which it lets fall on the sleeper's breast. Should he awake before it fades and at once put it into his mouth, he will acquire the power of becoming invisible at will.

A stranger superstition related in Wolf's "Zeitschrift fur Deutsche Mythologie" is to the effect that if, while a priest is reading the service, any one can, unknown to him, lay a four-leaved clover on his mass book, the unfortunate clergyman will not be able to utter a word; he will stand stock still and bewildered until the person who played the trick pulls his robe. Then he can proceed. When all is over the man who regains his "four leaf" will always have luck at all kinds of gambling. If he has a tendency to tenpins in America or to ninepins, if it be in Germany, he makes a "ten strike" or *alle neune* every time he rolls a ball.

It would seem by this that though the *trifolium* is a religious symbol, the four leaf smacks of a darker influence. If the bearer or wearer of a four-leaved clover should come across witch work or any uncanny performance, he can detect and spoil it all unharmed.

If a man loves a woman (or vice versa), and can obtain two four-leaved clovers, and induce her to eat one while he himself swallows the other, mutual love is sure to result. Nay, according to very good gypsy authority, even a trin-patrini kas, or three-leaved clover, will have this effect. Moreover, it is advisable to on all occasions when you make a gift to anybody, no matter what it is, to conceal in it a clover, since it will render the gift doubly acceptable.

Also: Take a four or three-leaved clover, and making a hollow in the end or top of your alpenstock or cane, put the leaf therein, taking care not to injure it, and close the opening carefully. Then, so long as you walk with it, you will be less weary than if it were wanting, and will enjoy luck in many ways.

A German proverb says of a lucky man, "Er hat ein vierblattriges Kleeblatt gefunden"—"He has found a four-leaved clover." On this test Dr. Wilhelm Korte, in his "Sprichworter der Deutschen," preaches the following homily: "'This is,' you say, 'a stupid superstition.' Did you ever know a man who was *ganz und gar* utterly and entirely, devoid of superstition? For if you did, be sure there was nothing in him."—*St. James Gazette.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The Regard That One Woman Usually Feels for Another.

There is a vast difference between the regard which one woman feels for another and the friendship, free from any thought of love, which she bears to a man. This very difference may serve as a point in favor of those who argue against the perfect equality of the sexes. Certain it is that the wise Creator never could have intended the relation of man and woman to be exactly the same toward each other. A noted woman writer of modern times states that it is her firm belief that such a thing as real honest friendship between two women is of such rare occurrence that it may be termed almost an impossibility. Poor, indeed, must the writer's opinion and estimate of her own sex; yet, unfortunately, there is some truth in what she says. A woman speaks of another woman as her friend, calls her friend, in her own heart considers that she is true and loyal to her, yet does she, when they are apart, carry out to the full sense of the term the word friendship? When she is with her friend she pours her confidences and her experiences into her sympathetic ear, she bestows many a caress and word of endearment upon her, and she thinks to herself, "We are perfectly devoted to each other," yet when she is with others and her absent "friend" is under discussion, when her faults and peculiarities are commented upon, and perhaps exaggerated, does she stand up loyally and deny or excuse her friend's seeming faults, or does she not rather join in the laugh at the absent one's expense, especially if there be present one of the opposite sex, in whose estimation she thus thinks to show herself superior to her sisters by her criticism of them? This is not to be understood as being said of all women; for, thank God, we have women among us women whose noblest trait is their love and esteem for their own sex; but it is too often found not to be classed among the weaknesses of women. It is, to a great degree, the existence of man, the intervention of men, which interferes with the perfect friendship between woman and woman. There is a class of woman, and I am sorry to say, they are not among the minority, who believe that nothing that a woman can do can possibly be as well done as what a man, under exactly the same conditions and circumstances, could accomplish. It is they who rail against women doctors, women lawyers, women writers, and who, ignorantly and blindly, do so much to retard their own progress. A very wise and experienced woman once said to the writer that throughout her life she had never found truer or better friends than what she called her "reformed lovers"—men who had sought to win her love, but, failing to do so, had ended by becoming staunch and earnest friends, brotherlike in their affection for her. A woman can have a friendship for a man free from any thought of the difference in sex, such as he rarely feels for her. A man's friendship for another man is free, open and hearty, rejoicing in his good fortune, overlooking his faults, never harboring that sense of rivalry or jealousy which so often taints women's friendships. In most friendships, as in most marriages, there is usually a positive and a negative side; that is, one person is only too happy to give, and the other quite content to receive, affection and self-sacrifice. The ideal relation would be the perfect reciprocity of affection, but how rarely do we find it? In a woman's love or friendship there is always a feeling of self-abnegation, a longing to utterly forget herself, to lose herself in the object of her affection. Some one tells us that "friendship is akin to love." Should not the perfection of love be friendship? When, in all cases of mutual affection, each vies with the other in self-sacrifice and efforts for the other's good, then we shall have arrived at the eternal fitness of things.—*San Francisco Call.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, has never been photographed.

—Cardinal Manning recently apologized for being late at a public dinner. "The only excuse I have to offer for being late," he said, "is that I was very busy. I am always busy. With me the sun never goes down on the finished work of a day."

—A hotel keeper of Rhode Island, who is an Englishman by birth, has paid seven thousand dollars for a copy of the famous painting which shows Lord Nelson dying on the deck of his flag ship at the battle of Trafalgar. It adorns the lobby of his hotel.

—One of the finest collections of butterflies in the world has been made by a member of the New York Stock Exchange. It contains one hundred thousand specimens, and has cost twenty years in time and $35,000 in money. Livingstone, Stanley, Schwatka, and other explorers have contributed to it.

—Thomas J. Mayall, recently deceased, started as a poor boy. He invented the first rubber belt, the first cylinder printing machine for wall-paper printing and also for gluing, displacing the former mode of printing from independent blocks; invented rubber cement and satin-finished paper; helped Charles Goodyear in the invention of vulcanized rubber, and also produced a number of other inventions in revolvers, guns, rifles, steam apparatus for loading and firing artillery, ammunition, coffee-hulling machines, self-acting drawbridges and railway switches.

—A Milwaukee clergyman, who has a reputation for brilliancy, generosity and getting into debt, and who was lately reported as being in financial straits, was waited on a few days ago by a wealthy parishioner, who asked him to figure out the amount of money it would take to free him from debt. The clergyman replied that it would take nearly $3,000, whereupon the gentleman responded: "Well, your sermons have been worth that much to me above my pew rent and church contributions. Please accept this." And he handed the clergyman a check for the sum named.

—The Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, by the way, must not be confounded with the Duke of Buckingham, was a fifteen-dollar a month farm laborer in this country some seven years ago. He was then Lord Hobart, and so absolutely impecunious that he preferred to sink his rank and seek his living in this country to living in genteel poverty in his own. He is a lineal descendant of the English patriot John Hampden, and on succeeding to the title advertised the family estate for sale. His recent marriage, however, with a very wealthy girl has completely restored the fortunes of his house.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BALTIMORE COUNTY, JANUARY 2D, 1889.—IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ARUNAH S. ABELL, DECEASED.—Upon the application of Edwin F. Abell and George Abell, executors of the last will and testament of Arunah S. Abell, late of Baltimore county, State of Maryland, deceased, it is this 2d day of January, 1889, ordered by the Orphan's court of Baltimore county that the day appointed by the said executors, to-wit: Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1889, for a meeting of this court of all persons entitled to legacies under the will of said deceased, with full proof of their identity, in pursuance of article 93, section 143, of the Maryland code of public general laws, be, and the same is hereby approved, to the end that payment may be there made under the Court's direction and control. And it is further ordered that notice of the same and of this order be given by publication once a week for three successive weeks in each of the following papers to-wit: The "Evening News," Fall River, Mass.; the "Reporter Journal," Towanda, Pa; the "Gazette and Chronicle," Pawtucket, R. I.; the "Evening Bulletin," Providence, R. I.; the BAZOO, Sedalia, Missouri; the "Iowa State Register," Desmoines, Iowa; the "Gazette," Owego, N. Y.; the "Leader," Binghampton, N. Y.; the "Herald," New York city; the "Chronicle," San Francisco, California, and the "Baltimore Weekly Sun."

MARK MELLOR,
B. HOWARD GORSUCH, } Judges.
ANDREW DORSEY,

Legatees entitled to legacies under said will will be furnished with the forms of proof of identity required by application to

E. F. ABELL,
GEO. W. ABELL. } Executors
Sun Building, Baltimore, Maryland.

In testimony that the aforegoing is a true copy taken from the original filed and of record in the office of the register of wills for Baltimore county, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of my office, this 2d day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine.

Test: BENJAMIN W. ADY,
Register of Wills for Baltimore county.
1-8w3t.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Wm. E. Travis, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be holden at Sedalia, in said county, on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1889.

JOHN R. CLOPTON,
1-8w4t Public Administrator.